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VOL. I.

No. 7.

APRIL

1901

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THE HETUCK.

VOL. I.

NEWARK, OHIO, APRIL, 1901.

No. 7



HIGHLAND MARY



The lovely May day was drawing to a close. The cows had been driven home, the cattle fed, and the chores done. In his cool, shady garden, Farmer Campbell was enjoying the first rest of the day. Through the open doors of the cottage came the odor of the savory supper, which Mother Campbell was busily preparing for her hungry flock.

There were the twins, Jamie and Geordie, two youngsters growing faster than their clothes would permit, and each eating like the proverbial boy, who was always empty from head to heels. Then there was Jessie, a restless child of seven, whose chubby, innocent looking hands could do more mischief in a minute than could be undone in an hour. Last of all, the pet and darling of the whole family, was Davie, the baby. A delicate sickly child was he, and for that reason all the brothers and sisters loved him the more.

What a time Mother Campbell would have had to see that all this brood were having their rights, if it had not been for Mary, the elder sister, who has not yet been mentioned. But if you will look into this pleasant garden as we pass by, you will see a young girl sitting on a rustic bench near the bonnie brier bushes. Her fingers are busy with knitting, while she repeats the good old Bible stories to the listening children, who are gathered around her. Mary is a saint in the estimation of these children—they adore her and worship at her shrine. She is the peace-maker—they listen to her kindly words of advice and they love her loyally and truly. Nor is she undeserving of this devotion, for she is as pure in heart as a little child.

Scotland never saw a comelier lass than Mary Campbell. There was a calm, peaceful expression on her fair young face, the soft dark eyes were filled with a gentle light that suggested rest. She was

very beautiful, but what charmed one most of all, was the quiet womanly dignity she possessed.

Farmer Campbell sat in the distance quietly watching his children, and noting with much inward satisfaction that Mary was every day growing more and more like her mother. Truly, he thought he had never seen a prettier picture, and judging from the expression on the face of that young lad coming up the garden path, one would at once decide that he thought likewise.

Hearing the fall of footsteps, Mary looked up brightly, but when she recognized Robbie Burns, she quickly dropped her eyes, while telltale blushes came to the fair cheeks. For she knew—at least she thought she knew—no she did not know at all, but at the same time, the willful Mary avoided looking into Robert's eyes. The thing she wanted most to do was to read the secret written in those clear blue eyes—but with all a woman's contrariness, she made believe she did not care at all. So with the grace of a queen, she said, coldly enough, "Gude e'en to ye, Robbie. Faither is sitting on the ither side o' the garden." Robbie, however, did not seem at all inclined to seek the farmer's company, and forgetful of the errand on which he had been sent, he chatted with Mary and the children until Mother Campbell's cheery voice called the family to supper. Seeing Robbie, she said, with all her native hospitality, "Robbie, ye maun stay wi' us. We hae not o'er much as ye ken, but ye are verry welcome." Farmer Campbell coming to the door seconded this invitation, and Robbie—what could he do but stay. In fact, he was often-times prone to prolong his visits an indefinite time, for Mary's attraction was so great that he invariably forgot to go home at the right hour.

In a short time all were seated at the table, partaking of the plain, but wholesome food. Robbie was

soon made to feel at home for there never were better host and hostess than the farmer and his wife. True there were many rules and laws of courtesy and etiquette they had never known, yet all their words and actions were governed by the impulses of kindly, loving hearts.

Robbie was soon talking freely of his work on the adjoining farm; the crop of grain; the sick horse; the weather predictions, and the Auld Licht Kirk. Thus the meal progressed pleasantly. Supper over, Jamie brought out the large family Bible, and all gathered around to hear the father read the evening lesson. It was good to hear the reading, for this man was noble and God-fearing, in every way worthy to read the Holy Book. Then in the quiet hush of evening, they knelt in prayer. Mary, in her silent heart, prayed for Robbie, while Robbie, with a man's selfish heart, prayed that some day Mary would be his.

Family worship over, Robbie prepared to take his leave, pausing a moment to ask that Mary might spend the afternoon of the morrow with him on the banks of the River Ayr. Consent was cheerfully given and good-night said, Robbie wandered forth in the bright moonlight, whistling with all his might. As he wended his way homeward through the braes, his mind was turned to his pretty sweetheart and her home so full of peace and contentment. He retired to his garret sleeping-room and seated himself before his rude table. There would be no rest for him that night until he had written some of the rhymes that were running through his mind. One of the poems he wrote, described the evening he had spent. "The Cotter's Saturday Night," he called it, and little did he think that night, that some day the whole world would know that poem and know it to love it.

The next afternoon, Robbie and Mary wandered hand in hand along the sequestered spots of the River Ayr. Nature was looking her best and this youthful pair were quite ready to appreciate the beauties around them. They had much to talk about, at least Robbie had. For he was telling Mary something of great importance, and the telling took time. Thus before either were full aware of it, the afternoon had passed away, the shadows were growing long and the sun was setting.

When twilight prevailed they strolled homeward through the braes and across the brook, where the

bright, sparkling water rippled over the white stones. As they paused to watch the tiny waterfalls and to listen to the soft music, Mary crossed to the other side, tripping lightly on the stones that rose above the water. Standing thus on opposite banks, Robbie and Mary layed their hands in the clear water, vowing to be faithful and true to each other for all time to come. To make their vow even more sacred they exchanged Bibles—then said good-bye until the morrow.

Truly tomorrow never came for these two lovers. The noble-hearted Mary had gone, where Robbie could not follow at his will. Saddened and quite disheartened by the sudden death of his betrothed, Burns took a long journey—away from the scenes of his youth—away from the place where everything reminded him of his Mary. He never forgot her, never during all the troubled, checkered life that followed. Instead, her good influence, like that of every good, true woman, helped him to be a better man, and strengthened him for trials to come.

Long years had passed away, Burns was no longer a young man. He was married and happily, too. Yet no one ever took the place of Mary. Every October, the anniversary of her death, he grew sad and depressed. He seemed to lose interest in his present life and live in the past. One night, he lay out of doors, gazing at the moon and the stars, dreaming of his Mary until the morning came. It was then that he wrote that beautiful poem to

HIGHLAND MARY.

"Ye banks and braes and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery!
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie;
There Simmer first unfold her robes,
And there the longest tarry;
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

"How sweetly bloom'd the gay, green birch,
How rich the hawthorne's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me, as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

"Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was full tender;
And pledging oft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder.

But, O, fell Death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early !
Now green's the sod and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary.

"O pale, pale now those rosy lips,
I aft hae kissed sae fondly!
And closed for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mouldering now in silent dust
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary."

—V.

Literary Societies.

April 5, Society B:

Music	School
Current Events	Emmitt Smith
Book Review	Ada Simms
Imaginative Story	Bright Hilliard
Select Reading	Cora Davis
Story	Angelina Davis
Recitation	Pansy Stewart
Solo	Josephine Hilliaru
Music	School

April 12, Society A:

Music	School
Recitation	Ethel Cox
Essay	Mabel Burke
Book Review	Thomas Priest
Fable	Harry Lehman
Essay	Bessie Stater
Recitation	Margaret Hall
Music	School

April 19, Society B:

Music	School
Essay	Grace Doyle
Select Reading	Blanche Taylor
Oration	Paul Franklin
Music	School
Recitation	May Wilson
Essay	Helen Graff
Paraphrase	Fred Youse
Current Events	Edna Swanson

April 26, Society A:

Music	School
Select Reading	Ella Everetts
Oration	Grace Chalfant
Original Story	Flossie Hirschberg
Recitation	Julia Braunhold
Fable	Florence Miller
Essay	Embray
Recitation	Ethel Ross
Current Events	Frank Childress
Description	Tom Ewing
Music	School



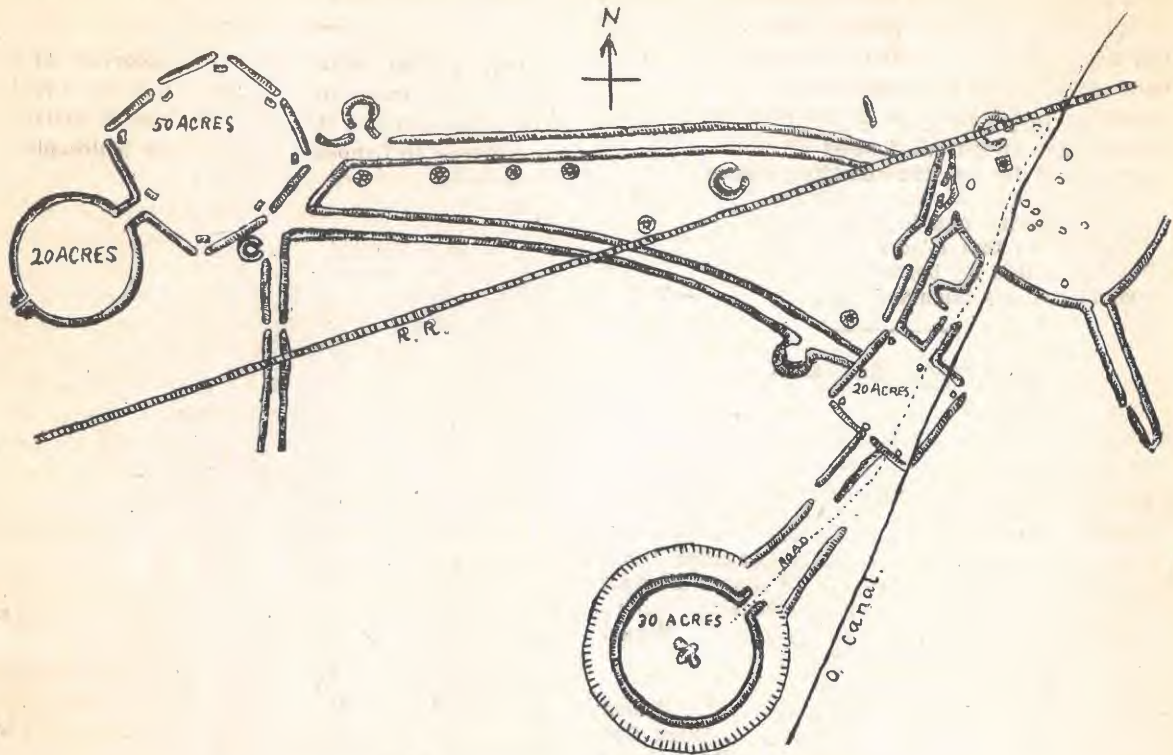
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THE H. H. GRIGGS COMPANY.



MAP OF ANCIENT WORKS IN CHERRY VALLEY.

Antiquities of Licking County

The Old Fort belongs to the class of earthworks known as inclosures. It consists of a ring or bank of earth surrounding an area of nearly thirty acres. It is situated on a level plain one and one-half miles southwest of the square of the city of New-ark. Its form is almost, but not exactly circular, having diameters of 1150 and 1250 feet. The embankment rises from ten to twenty feet above the surrounding plain, while a ditch or moat extending along its whole length inside is ten feet deep.

There is a single opening or entrance on the eastern side, flanked by parallel embankments and moats forty yards in length. Here the banks are highest, measuring twenty feet above the general level and thirty feet above the bottom of the ditch. The distance between the moats at the entrance is seventy-five feet, while the parapets are one hundred and thirty feet apart.

Forest trees of all sizes are found growing in the moat, on the sides and top of the parapet, and on the surrounding plain, with no apparent regularity of position, such as would be expected if they had been planted by the hand of man. Beech, elm, ash, maple and oak are some of the species to be found and the size of the trees would indicate that those on the mound are of the same age as those of the adjacent country. This would indicate the probability of the absence of forests in this vicinity at the time the earthworks were constructed.

Some idea of its antiquity may be gained from the fact that white oaks measuring four feet in diameter are found on the top of the parapet at the present day. One of these forest giants was cut down in 1815 and was found to have 550 annual rings. This enables us to say that 635 years ago, these works stood as they do at the present time. How many

generations of oaks may have flourished and decayed on this spot before the present ones unfolded their tiny leaflets we are unable to determine. Nor do we know whether the members of the "lost race" ever looked upon a single tree in this valley, or whether the mysterious city lay in ruins for centuries before the forest sprang up upon its site.

In the middle of the enclosure is an elevation which is known as "Eagle Mound." This is classed with the effigies, or animal mounds and is one of the three most notable examples of this class in the state. The largest is Serpent Mound, in Adams county, which is about a thousand feet long. Alligator Mound, near Granville, in this county, is the third, having a length of two hundred feet, breadth of body twenty feet and six feet in height.

The Eagle mound is so called because many have supposed that it represents an eagle with outspread wings. It measures 240 feet from tip to tip, 210 feet in length, and is fully six feet in height. It faces the entrance at the east, the spread of the wings being north and south.

Authorities differ as to the use of this class of mounds, some holding them to be emblematic, the animals being "totems," or "heraldic symbols," while others call them symbolical, believing that they were objects of worship, or constructed for altars on which to offer sacrifices, or for some other purpose connected with religious practices.

Excavations were made in the central part of Eagle mound many years ago, and a stone altar was found, with charcoal, ashes and calcined bones upon it.

Passing by the discussion of the theories concerning the possible use of the Old Fort, we wish to notice another form of enclosure. An example of what clearly appears to have been a defensive work is found on "Fort Hill," near Granville. It is a rampart which closely follows the sinuosities of the brow of a hill, and is therefore irregular in shape. It has a ditch on the outside, the height of the embankment measured from the bottom of the ditch being ten feet in places. Wherever there is a depression or more accessible place in the hill, the rampart is higher than in other places.

On the highest part of the hill, inside this fortification were two circular walls without any apparent opening. Within one of these were two small conical mounds. This arrangement would indicate the outer rampart to have been the first line of defense, with the circles as places of last resort one of them having two lookout stations.

—F. C. D.

(To be continued.)

THE ACROPOLIS OR CITY OF THE GODS.

Queen Aurora, sitting upon her splendid throne, allowed her dreamy eyes to wander from the Lyceum upon whose porches the Walking Aristotle delivered his lectures, to Lynosarges, where the philosophy of Antisthenes held sway.

Idly did she look about until her gaze fell upon the massive structure of snowy whiteness, which arose from the darkened west and stood like a mighty god before her. As one transfixed she gazed; then, impelled by the force of its matchless beauty, she was irresistibly drawn to the foot of the "City of the Gods." She lingers a moment in contemplation of its beauty—her golden draperies falling lightly upon the marble steps, then ascends the broad marble stairway, throwing upon the many statues of the gods and goddesses her fairest smile.

Up, up, she goes, then pauses on the upper step that she may view man's greatest work.

How perfect in structure, how elegant in style, she found the Doric Parthenon, with its forty-six massive columns supporting its marble roof.

In front of the Erechtheum, a beautiful and peculiar temple, she pauses and throws her soft, warm arms about the beautiful goddess Athena. No smile moves the muscles of her ivory face, but calm and beautiful she stood—the superior of all.

On the western side, where the Acropolis began to sink into the plain, stood the most wonderful semi-circular theatre in the world. Up and down the spotless aisles passes the Queen, now viewing the Pentalic marble chairs of the priests and archons, now throwing her radiance upon the rock hewn seats of the thirty thousand.

Advancing slowly over the western side of the hill she is again impressed by the marvelous beauty, which stretches out below her. At the base of the hill runs the beautiful Street of Tripods, and behind it rises the magnificent museum and amphitheatres.

The Pnyx appears in the distance. The eyes of the goddess, at sight of the stone pulpit, glow with pleasure, for the words of Demosthenes' Philippic are being echoed by the hills.

Listening to the elegant words, she follows the long walls and before the echo dies away, the weary Queen left the "City of the Gods" and sought rest with her own God, who as the Egyptians say, "made everything, but was not himself made."

E. E. G., '02.

THE HETUCK.

A Monthly Magazine, Published by the Seniors of the High School, Newark, Ohio.

EDITORIAL STAFF.

Editor in Chief.....AMY CAREW FRANKLIN
Business Manager.....HOWARD E. BRILLHART
Assistant Business Manager.....FRED METZ

Associate Editors.....{ FLORENCE PARRISH
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Press of the Advocate Printing Co., Newark, Ohio

EDITORIAL

The Senior girls' time is pretty well taken up with sample. We wonder how it is about the boys—don't suppose their noble(?) minds are taken up by such trivial matters as dress.

The pictures of the class of 1900 now adorn the library wall. This is a good custom to inaugurate. It is a matter of regret that four faces are missing from the group.

Now that the base ball season is here the greater part of the boys' time is employed in that game. The only troubles are that now and then a lady refuses to give up a ball when it enters her yard, or a policeman interferes.

We are under many obligations to Miss Moore, '03, for her contributions to our art department. May her work continue to embellish our pages.

Although April Fool's Day came on a school day this year nothing very unusual happened. A few were fooled with notes, but that was about all. Wouldn't it have been fine to have fooled the teachers by not going to school on that day?

The Seniors and Juniors enjoyed quite a treat on April 8. They attended an exhibition of Dr. Wagner's new X ray apparatus. Several interesting things were developed, among other it was discovered that Galbreath and Miller both have hearts, tho' of such a metallic substance that the rays could not pierce them and hence they threw shadows.

The beautiful days of spring are upon us. Soon will the insidious spring fever seize us and cause our energies to flag. But the seniors have much to help them ward off the fever. Commencement looms up before us, and also its accompanying festivities. Then there are our dresses ! My, oh, my!! We have no time for spring fever! The under classes may have our share.

The class of 1901 will in all probability graduate forty-one pupils. This is the largest class in the history of the school. Next year's class will probably not reach the numerical strength of 1901. But 1903, which will turn out the first commercial graduates, will probably aggregate sixty or more. The class of 1901 begins the new century and also a new era for the Newark High school.

Isn't it funny that the village policeman always "kills the animal by a well directed shot?"

Diamonds in the rough are sometimes spoiled in the cutting, just as some pupils are spoiled in the education.—Pittsburg Dispatch.



FIVE MINUTE TALKS—VII

F. MARTIN TOWNSEND

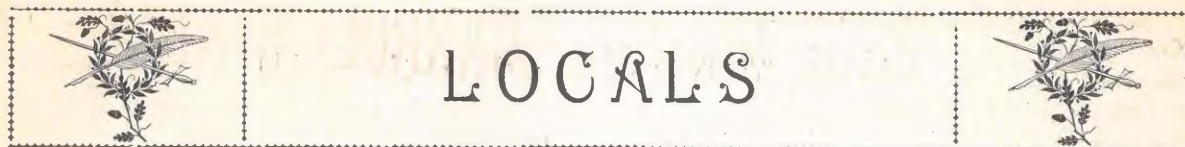
It is a good thing for a boy to be interested in something out of school that employs his spare time to advantage, in a way of absorbing interest to himself. One of the most educational means is printing. As my experience is the same that any boy would need to undergo, I will give it in detail. When I was eleven years old I was allowed to learn to set type in a newspaper office, on Saturdays and after school, and it was indeed great fun. I felt that I was doing something. They gave me cases of "great primer" type to start on, and after a time I got down to "pica." At this point I undertook a little magazine printed in that size of type. The eight pages were made up on a "galley," and the impressions taken on a proof-press. The title of the magazine was "The Firefly." Each page of matter was the width of a newspaper column, and the length two sticks-ful, or a little more than four inches. Gradually the magazine was enlarged, and its publication continued for two years and a half, finally being discontinued on account of my increased duties at school as a high school pupil. With the money from subscriptions I acquired a little printing outfit, consisting of twenty-five pounds of Roman "long primer," a small italic font, and several fonts of second-hand display type for advertisements, titles, headings, etc. My press I picked up from a broken-down printer, who had carried it along all through the Civil War to print a camp paper with. It was named the "Lowe" press, worked with a conical cylinder, or better expressed, a metal cone instead of a cylinder, on a metal bed, with a canvas covered platen that was brought down by hand over the chase of type, after which the cone was propelled across the platen by rolling it with a handle. We boys used to have "shows" in barns and a vacant tenement house, with printed programmes from my establishment. The tickets were also real. We usually called our exhibition a "gigantic aggregation." The performances were invariably given on Saturday afternoons.

In the earlier days of my teaching I brought together another and much improved printing outfit, with plenty of Roman and italic type of beautiful faces, and a nice selection of ornamental type, held in trim little cases that slid into grooves in a cab-

inet. The press was a little beauty, enameled and decorated with gold stripes, called the *Golding Jobber*. It worked with a hand lever, but otherwise was on the same principle as the usual treadle job press, with revolving ink disc. The chase took a form 10x12 inches. This press could stand on a table, and its cost was about \$30. It did very fine work. Besides being of much use, this little printing outfit gave me much pleasure and recreation. A boy that interests himself in printing as an amateur will learn to spell and to compose all kinds of literature much better than by any study and practice in school. The composition question will settle itself most positively. I should not advise him to attempt job printing, as that is better left to the professionals; but he can prepare for his own use printed stationery for home and school, and put in permanent printed form all his school compositions. It is a most delightful form of manual training.

While publishing my little magazine, I exchanged with many other amateur periodicals, enjoying most those printed by the editors themselves. The National Amateur Press Association was then in existence even as now, and each state had a federated branch. Some of these publications were of a very high order, the best ones being *The Young Sportsman*, of Haverhill, Mass., and *Our Boys*, of Chicago. The great feature of each and every one of the many amateur monthlies was serial stories in the style of Oliver Optic and Harry Castleman. Among our celebrated authors of such continued stories was Richard Gerner, whose pseudonym was "Humpty Dumpty." His fame rested chiefly on the claim of having published over a hundred of these exciting tales. I recall one of them very vividly, whose monthly installment I awaited with eager anticipation. It bore the imposing title, "The Curse of Gold; or Ten Thousand Dollars Reward, Dead or Alive." To be a marked success, the first requisite of a serial was to have a double title, very alluring in its suggestiveness. W. H. Terhune was another celebrity in this field, his master-piece being "Sawdust and Spangles; or, the Boy King of Bareback Riders." Years after I met Terhune, at Rochester, and found he had developed as the editor and proprietor of a trade journal devoted to the interests of the shoe and leather industry.

F. MARTIN TOWNSEND.



The Seniors regret very much the withdrawal of Earl Seward from their class.

The zoology class has dissected the earth worm, owl and crawfish during the past few weeks.

Spring vacation this year consisted of Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, March 27, 28 and 29.

Power has been given the committee on invitations of the Senior class to order the invitations.

Quite a number of the pupils have been absent from school with either spring fever or the mumps.

The last of the University Extension course lectures was given Wednesday, April 3, at the High school by Prof. Ingersoll.

"The Veneered Savage" given Tuesday evening, March 26, and Wednesday afternoon, March 27, proved quite a success.

The Junior class will give a lawn fete on the High school lawn Tuesday, May 28. Ice cream and cake, ten cents. Quite a large crowd is expected.

The denizens of No. 7 are taking a review of Commercial Law under Mr. Humes. The commercial department is in a flourishing condition.

We are all anxious for the opening game of basket ball so long promised. Get a move on yourselves, girls.

Mr. Humes announced names of graduates April 10. Of course they are named with a proviso that finals are all passed.

It is thought that a number of the Juniors must be deeply in love—if the eating of pickles tells the tale.

Prof. Humes accompanied the chemistry class and a number of others through the Everett glass factory Thursday evening, April 11. A very pleasant evening was spent.

Prof. Humes accompanied the civics class to the court room April 10. The Circuit Court was in session. The pupils were lucky enough to hear two cases.

A request was made to the Board of Education to have the Baccalaureate sermon at the Second Presbyterian church. A like request was made to have the services at the Trinity Episcopal church. The Board decided in favor of the latter, the date being June 9. The commencement exercises will be held on Thursday, June 13.

The members of the company which produced the "Veneered Savage" in the High school chapel were delightfully entertained by Miss Shirley Pitser on Friday, March 29. The evening was spent in music and a guessing game. Ralph B. Miller, being the lucky man" received a beautiful water color picture, the work of our High school artist, Ida Moore. Lee Wyeth sought consolation in the booby prize. After a sumptuous supper the guests departed wishing long life to the girls' basket ball team. Those present were Misses Shirley Pitser, Ida Moore, Ruth Speer, Lucile Harrington, Messrs. Lee Wyeth, Roy Horts-horn, Ralph B. Miller, Howard Brillhart and Jerome Ferguson.

Will some one volunteer to tell us what is the matter with our literary exercises?

Are their talents sleeping, only to awaken in the great beyond? They certainly haven't been used.

More pains should be taken with the productions; some have the mistaken idea that to give a literary production, they must scour the library for something dull and uninteresting, which must be delivered in a monotone, with the eyes gazing fixedly into infinity.

The trouble lies in this: that the pupils do not spend enough time and thought on the work. Few of

the productions are thoroughly learned, and we all know what a bore it is to listen to such attempts. The essay may be well written and butchered in its delivery. The critic's report is generally the best part of the program.

Let us try to make these meetings more interesting to our fellow students; we owe it to them as well as ourselves.



H. F. O'BANNON & Co.
Dealers in Fine Millinery and Notions,
No. 6 N. Park Place, Newark, O.



On an April day, think it was the twelfth,
Some of the Juniors each fed himself.
Miss Moore asked what caused them to be so
tickled,
Little dreaming they were eating pickels.
The teacher didn't catch on—what a shame!
So the pupils chewed, ate and choked just the same.
These few offered their neighbors none,
And when the laugh began they joined in the fun.
—X. Y. Z.



E. F. COLLINS
Optician and Jeweler. Y. M. C. A. Building.

THE ADVENT OF SPRING.

The wintry cold and icy sleet
Have passed quite beyond us;
And low! sweet Spring with beauty meet,
Comes bounding in upon us.

Hail Spring! Thou waitest for no call,
But comest uninvited,
To decorate this earthly pall
And all seem much delighted.

Gentle Spring with all her flowers
Doth ornament the globe.
The earth from which spring up the bowers
Is clad in a dark green robe.

From buttercups and barky trees
Shine forth the gold and green.
There ever wave in April's breeze
And live their lives serene. —J. G. H., '01.

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The Latest and Best

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as well as a full assortment of the dainty
belongings to dress and toilet.

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Pretty Handkerchiefs, Handsome Belts,
Elegant Toilet Articles, Stylish Jackets—
all dainty and pretty enough to appeal to
the most refined tastes and at prices not
beyond what is often asked for ordinary
things.

JOHN J. CARROLL.



Personals

Fred Metx shines by borrowed light—he uses Sapalio.

The Girls' Basket Ball practices are born to blush unseen.

Wanted—Pianos to move; any kind but the "chapel" kind. Roy H. and Howard B.

The Freshmen "children" want to know what "babies" are coming over from the Central house next fall.

The Senior boys are afraid Miss Moore will get lonesome; so they always stay after school for 45 minutes.

Joy Edwards gave an excellent recitation in Society B recently. She has talent and will surely be one of our best speakers.

Mary Webb's mind was in the right channel when she said Priscilla made "pig pies" instead of "pork pies." The pies were on the hog anyway.

John S. Francis, an old alumnus paid the High school a visit a few days ago. But two of his teachers were here to greet him.

Miss Moore to Garfield: "Children always kiss and make up." To which he hums, "Just to be a child again at mother's knee."

The pupils in Miss Jennie Jones' room can sympathize with the Ancient Mariner when he cries: "Water, water everywhere, but never a drop to drink!"

Since the play, Howard Brillhart, Roy Hartshorn and Lee Wyeth have learned what it means when people speak of "eyes that see not."

"Tell me not in idle murmurs,
Life is but an empty dream;
He's a dead one who doesn't know it,
And things are everything they seem."

The Board of Education was not house cleaning or moving, as many neighbors thought, when they saw youth and maiden fair lugging out furniture not long ago. We were just cleaning up after the play.

'R stands for Roy
A clever little lad,
Who might be the teacher's pet,
Were he not so bad."

Arctic explorer to applicant—"What experience have you had?"

Applicant—"I spent one winter in Miss Moore's room."

Explorer—"You'll do."

To the Juniors:

"I know not what I do not know,
And knowing what I know,
I do not know enough
To know, I do not know."—Ex.

The commercial class, tenth grade, has sustained another loss. Mr. Horner withdrew March 17, his parents having moved out of the city. Mr. Horner is a quiet, studious gentleman and will be missed.

In arithmetic class—Earl (with childish simplicity)—"How much does a pound weigh?"

A favorite song in the same class:

Oh, Miss Moore to thee I now do sing,
That arithmetic is the worst thing
To disturb ma' peace and mercy mild,
That I have seen since I was a child."

To pacify the Freshmen:

Hush little Freshies, don't you cry.
You'll be a Senior same as I.





H. E. THINK

Duty takes one along many different paths, but they all lead to happiness.



Lots of men carry their heads high—rather than their ideals.



The entrance to the future is a vale of darkness, on the other side of which shines the sun of hope.



Lots of men who imagine that the world rests on their shoulders evidently have an idea that it weighs about two pounds.



Tomorrow's the child of today.
Hereditry is strong.

Shape well the parent and fear not for the child.



Some men move in the light of the world. They never do anything great because they're always fearful to venture, lest the world criticise.

Other men move noiselessly in the shadow, unmindful and unheeding the world's remark, daring to do what comes first to their hands. These men create a light for themselves; and when they die the world stands still beside their open graves, and weeps.



A man to be really great must not only be great himself, but must recognize greatness in others.



Thinking of a thing, seeing if it's right, then doing it—that's Success.

Thinking of a thing, seeing if He, She or It thinks it right, whether it's "proper" and "correct," waiting until you have time; doing it tomorrow—that's Failure.



Light air rises. It's not always the most soaring eloquence that has the surest foundation.



In the darkest hour of the night, when the storm clouds lower and the rain beats heavy on our windows, may we not remember that somewhere on the

green fields of a tropic land the sun is shedding his golden light, the birds are singing in the groves, and earth is beautiful?

Our life has many varied phases. At no one time do we see them all; and so, may be not feel that tho in a certain time the clouds of distrust hang low, and the big drops of sorrow come splashing in our upturned faces, this is but a preparation, an ordeal through which we must pass, the better to appreciate the full glory of the next day's rising sun, and the reward our patience brings. There is no sorrow, bow down the mind as it may, but that afterwards, in the full glory of true happiness will raise it to greater and better heights.



You never have time to hurry.



Some men get to going around in little circles, and then, because they learn that little well trodden road quite well, congratulate themselves on the progress they make.

It's the men who break out into paths where never mortals trod before whose names are chiseled deep in the everlasting niches of Fame.



A little wedge will hold a big ship on the ways. A kind word may stop the downward fall of some discouraged one.



"Sons of fathers" are often mighty poor fathers of sons.



A man's ideal is a picture of what he would be; and he never sinks so low but that in lucid moments there appears before him the image of a something brighter than himself.



No man has learned truly until he has learned that there is no tomorrow. Work today or never.



I always try to be kind. That I sometimes fail is the fault, not of my intentions, but of my judgment.



The Gleam for April is an excellent issue.

* * * *

Vindex has our thanks for several back numbers.

* * * *

H. S. Sentiment has a good literary department in its March number.

* * * *

Comus comes out in an Easter suit. The issue has many points of interest.

* * * *

Our exchanges for March look like a mess of greens. Of course we refer to the covers.

* * * *

The Purple Advocate contains in its March number two stories of unusual merit as to literary ability.

* * * *

Pólaris has several delightful articles in her last number. The cover design is good and seasonable.

* * * *

We received The Thermometer for Easter. A very neat little magazine. We are pleased to add it to our list.

* * * *

The H. S. Gazette, Lynn, Mass., is a bright little magazine. We extend the glad hand and put it on our mailing list with pleasure.

* * * *

The High School Review, of Sacramento, Cal., has in its March issue an excellent article on "How to Succeed as a Pupil."

* * * *

The Aurora, in giving a puff to Argus, speaks of its fine valedictory. We did not know Argus had already spoken its farewell.

* * * *

Old Gold and Purple for March was good as it always is. It contains among other things an interesting article on the founding of New Orleans.

* * * *

The H. S. Beacon from Hammond gets around regularly. The management should have larger scope for they evidently have talent.

We note in X Rays that East High school pupils are to present Mr. Bobb. We trust they may have as good success as our pupils did last year.

* * * *

Red and Black, Reading, Pa., came out in emerald garb in March. Its literary department is good. The prize essay on "Burgoyne" is of a high order.

* * * *

The Stylus has for its motto, the Parkersburg H. S.: "First, Last and Always." This sentiment should appear between the lines of every high school paper.

* * * *

Argus from Washington C. H. has a very pretty story and a quite true to life picture of a country store. Where was that store located, Aleck? At Manara or Jasper?

* * * *

The Stylus from Parkersburg, W. Va., comes to our desk this month. We are glad to see Stylus among our exchanges, but please credit The Hetuck to Newark, and not Norfolk. See?

* * * *

Among our new exchanges we welcome Vindex from Elmira, N. Y. We like the style of its make-up.

We are glad to add to our list The Drury Academe. It is a well edited and newsy magazine.

* * * *

The Eugene H. S. News has a list of its exchanges in its March issue. A good idea. The editor's comments on the High school paper are good. We share those same sentiments.

* * * *

Old Hughes is a welcome visitor to our table. The prize essay on Hancock is good. It takes us back to year before last when Newark took the gold medal.

* * * *

H. S. News, St. Louis, has our thanks for compliments in their March issue. Our exchanges have been kind to us, and we hope with age and experience to do better in the future.

* * * *

We welcome to our exchange list this month The Echo from, Mt. Clemens. It is green as to cover, and from the remarks of the editor, they are Irish—for they seem to be losing. It is a bright sheet and we shall always be glad to see it.

* * * *

We have received exchanges since our last issue as follows: Red and Black, Reading, Pa.; Review, Sacramento, Cal.; Echo, Mt. Clemens, Mich.; Aurora,

Canal Dover, O.; X Rays, Columbus, O.; Kero, Columbus, O.; Polaris, Columbus, O.; Argus, Washington C. H., O.; Royal Purple, Middletown, O.; Drury Academe, North Adams, Mass.; Beacon, Hammond, Ind.; Old Gold and Purple, New Orleans;; Vindex, Elmira, N. Y.; The Thermometer, Little Falls, N. Y.; Stylus, Parkersburg, W. Va.; Old Hughes, Cincinnati, O.; The Gleam, Cincinnati, O.; Gazette, Lynn, Mass.; Chemawa American, Chemawa, Oregon; Comus, Zanesville, O.; H. S. Sentiment, Parsons, Kas.; H. S. News, St. Louis, Mo.; Nugget, Helena, Mont.; Spring Breeze, Mansfield, O.

* * * *

The Hetuck extends the friendly pipe to the Chemawa Weekly, a copy of which has just reached us. We cannot resist clipping the following. It is too good not to pass along:

Let he or she who carries on a Free Bureau of Information about their neighbors, cut this out and paste in where it can be read several times each day.

If you are tempted to reveal
A tale some one to you has told
About another, make it pass,
Before you speak, three gates of gold.

Three narrow gates—first, "Is it true?"
Then, "Is it needful?" In your mind
Give truthful answer; and the next
Is last and narrow, "Is it kind?"

And if to reach your lips it passed
Although these gateways three,
Then you may tell the tale, nor fear
What the result may be.

What different people gave up during Lent:

Lee Wyeth—Horse back riding in the rain.
Ruth Speer—Going to the theatre—only the "Veneered Savage."
Howard Brillhart—Studying.
Roy Hartshorn—Latin recitation.
The Senior class—A lawn fete.
Logan Frye—Mellin's Food.
Florence Grove—Smiling at Garfield.
Ralph Miller—Arguing.
Florence Parrish—Talking.
All the students—Singing at the music lesson.
Jerome—The dear girls.
Miss Jennie Jones—Water.
Mr. Humes—Slang.
Earl Seward—Gave up Eating.
Mr. Othman—Miss Stewart.

ENGLISH LIBRARY.

The British Museum situated on Great Brussels street, in London, was founded in 1753. It contains a collection of antiquities, drawings, prints, and a library of 2,000,000 volumes, 55,000 manuscripts and 45,000 charters, to which collection about 50,000 volumes are added annually. In the library are the Harleian manuscripts, purchased in 1775, the Royal Library, largely taken from the monasteries by Henry VIII., and 65,000 volumes given by George III. and Gorge IV. The present building is one of the best structures of the "Classic Revival." It was designed by Sir Rodney Smirke, completed by his brother, Sidney Smirke, and was commenced very early in the nineteenth century.

* * * *

FRENCH LIBRARY.

La Bibliotheque Nationale, the great French library, is the largest in the world. It is situated in the Palais Mazarin, Rue Richelieu, and was started with King John's library. Charles V. collected 910 volumes which were sold to the Duke of Bedford. Louis XI. partly repaired this loss and added the first results of the new invention in printing. Louis XII. added the Orleans library, and later the Gruthuyse collection. Henry II. made obligatory the deposit of every new book published in the kingdom. Napoleon I. increased the government grant, and under him the library was greatly enlarged. It now contains 3,000,000 volumes, and 1,000 manuscripts, and is especially rich in Oriental manuscripts.

* * * *

LIBRARY OF BERLIN.

The Royal Library of Berlin was founded by the Great Elector, Frederick William, and was opened in 1661. The University of Berlin, one of the leading universities in the world, also has a very fine library. The two libraries combined, contain about 1,200,000 volumes and nearly 50,000 manuscripts.

* * * *

CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY.

The Library of Congress, as the National Library of the United States is called, was founded in 1800, and is supported by the national government. It contains upwards of a million volumes (250,000 pamphlets). Liberal provision is made for the yearly addition of volumes by purchase, and moreover the copyright law requires that every new publication shall be deposited free of charge.

—M. W. '02.



THE RETURN



"Father says 'No.'"

They were walking slowly along the side of a terraced hill, while below them ran a small river, beyond which lay the town. She was a tall, well-built girl, with frank, bright eyes that did not fear to look one calmly in the face as she talked; not the look of boldness, but of innocence—bold only in the knowledge of its purity. He was a strong-looking country boy, slightly stooped from his desk work in the mill, where he was employed.

"Father says 'No.'"

The girl said the words slowly and carefully picking, it seemed, each syllable before she uttered it. He was walking with his hands behind him, and his head bent down. He scarcely seemed to notice the words, except that his hands clinched together and his lips drew tight over his closed teeth. They walked on for several minutes, neither speaking.

It was he who broke the silence. Looking up, but not directly at the girl, he said, "Edith, I know, I understand—No, please don't say anything until I'm through,"—as the girl started to speak. "I understand your father's reason; it's because I'm a Hatton. I know your father, and I know that when he says a thing he means it. To him I'm not Frank Hatton. I'm only the son of —, oh well, you understand, and I won't go over it. He's seen me grow up from a baby, and to him I'm only the son of my father; that's all I'll ever be as long as I stay here. I've thought it all out. Edith, I hoped that somehow there might be a chance, but I really expected just the decision he gave. I've got everything ready, given notice at the mill, and tonight I'm going. No, not yet," as the girl again started to interrupt him, "Please let me finish. I'm going away from Bradner; I'm going to let your father forget that I'm the son of my father, and have him know me as myself. I don't know where I'll go, what I'll do, or how long I'll be gone, but I'm going. I don't know when I'll come back—maybe never; I don't want you to make any promises to me; when I'm gone I want you to do just as you like. But some day I'll come back, and your father will either receive me with a welcome—or I'll come too late."

It was the afternoon of a hot sultry day in late-mid-summer, when a bent, tired man, dusty and travel-stained, was seen walking along the country road south of Bradner, and up the hill that overlooked the town. When he got to the top of the hill he sat down on a large rock there, and looked down on the little village below him.

He had been sitting there a long time, apparently lost in thought, when a twig snapped behind him. Instantly he turned and jumped to his feet. Standing before him was a little child, holding in its hand a long branch of wild ivy. It would have been a question, which was the more frightened, the man when he heard the twig snap, or the child when the man sprang up.

"I don't know 'ou, who's 'ou?"

The man had remained standing—gazing fixedly at the boy until the latter spoke. The child's words seemed to relieve his mental strain however, and he sat down, but did not answer.

"Who's 'ou?" repeated the boy.

The man started to answer the child gruffly, and indeed made an impatient gesture ordering him away, but stopped himself, and said, "Come here, won't you?"

The child had just started forward when the long, mournful notes of a tolling bell echoed across the valley between them and the town. The child looked frightened and started to cry. "Why, what's the matter with you?" asked the man. "Come here to me, won't you?" The boy came and stood by the man's knees. "Now tell me, won't you, what's the matter. You're a rather small boy to be running around here by yourself."

"Oh," and here two big tears started down the boy's cheeks, "oh they're all crying and everything at home, and I didn't know wh-wh-at to do, and gra-and-d pa he's—oh, he won't answer me. I—I guess he's dead," and the sobs came thick and fast. The man tried in his rough way to comfort the child, and finally stopped his crying.

"Won't you tell me what your name is?" he asked.

"Freddie."

"Freddie what?"

"Freddie Burton." The man involuntarily started;

how well he remembered that name! It was the name of the man whom her father had chosen in preference to himself.

"And what's your grandpa's name?"

"Why—why Richards. He—" But the child said no more. He saw the man's face grow ashen, felt his knees tremble, and the hand that held his clinch tight. The boy screamed with pain, but the man noticed it not. The child jerked away from him, and started down the road, running as fast as his short legs could carry him. But the man did not seem to notice that he had gone. He was trembling violently, and muttering to himself, "Richards, Richards, her father was the only Richards in the town; the boy's grandfather a Richards; his father a Burton; his mother—yes, it must be Edith."

His agitation soon ceased. He was sitting now with his arms on his knees, and his head bowed forward into his hands. Slowly the summer twilight fades into darkness, but still he sits there. All is silent, except far over to the right comes the long call of some farmer—"pu-ah, pu-ah"; and in the woods a herd of cattle low.

Now even that has ceased. He sits there yet, with his head bowed, and in the darkness he sees a picture that was painted on his memory long ago.

Side by side on the terraced hill in front of him walk two lovers; he hears again the words "Father says 'No.'" Below him a horse gallops across the bridge where he kissed her good-bye, and he remembers his words—"I'll come for a welcome,—or I'll come too late."

Behind him in the woods an owl hoots; far to the south it is answered by another uncanny bird; a cricket chirps; and then, swelling with its majestic slowness floats across the valley the sound of the tolling bell. Slowly, mournfully, dismally, it comes.

He sees again the little child—her child; again the owl hoots; a sudden draft of wind brings a wave of sound from the tolling bell, but still the man sits immovable.

He has come to late.

—R. B. M., '01.

The mistakes of kindness are mortifying only to those who take advantage of them.

A kindly word is like a dollar invested and forgotten, until compound interest brings it to your attention.

ICH BIN DEIN.

In tempus old a hero

Qui loved puellas deux;

He no pouvait pas quite to say

Which one amabat mieux.

Dit-il lui-meme un beau mati-

Non possum both avoir,

Led si address Amanda Ann,

Then Kate and I have war.

Amanda habet argent coin,

Sed Kate has aureas curls;

Et both sunt very agathae

Et quite formosae girls.

Enfin the youthful anthropos,

Philoun the duo maids,

Resolved proponere ad Kate

Devant cet evening's shades.

Procedus then to Kate's domo,

Il trouve Amanda there,

Kai quite forgot his late resolve,

Both sunt so goodly fair.

Sed smiling on the new tapis,

Between puellas twain,

Coeptit to tell his love a Kate

Dans un poetique strain.

Mais, glancing ever et anon

At fair Amanda's eyes,

Illae non possunt dicere

Pro which he meant his sighs.

Each virgo heard the demi-vow

With cheeks as rouge as wine,

And off'ring each a milk-white hand

Both whispered "Ich bin dein."

Kindness is the severest punishment to the guilty.

Faith answers its own prayer.

Pleasure is a squeezed orange; we're willing to share the remainder.

Courtesy is called the small change of business transactions, but it makes a large change in your reception.

The cynic thinks with his liver, and moralizes from the standpoint of indigestion.

A lover believes in his sweetheart; he can attempt the impossible then, and accomplish it—sometimes.



WINTER IN ITALY



When stern winter sets in, in our country, when the rivers, seas and lakes are frozen, when Jack Frost paints beautiful flowers upon our windows, when the streets are covered with snow, many a person's thoughts wander to those lands where cold feet and frozen ears are unknown, where there is constant sunshine and spring.

Sunny Italy comes to the minds of most of us, as a good example of such a land; but it is not so. In northern and central Italy, extending as far down as Rome, the winters are by no means mild ones. The mercury falls to several degrees below the freezing point at night, and during the day it stands only a few degrees above zero; the snow fall is so great that the telegraph wires break beneath its weight; but this snow does not last long. As soon as the warm sun comes out it quickly melts and fills the streets with dirty water.

Of course this is an example of unfavorable weather; some winters are much more pleasant than others, and the bright spring sun gains power much more quickly than here.

Do the Italians enjoy winter? Probably if they could spend their winter in our homes, they would enjoy it as much as we do, but it is different in their homes. Warm clothing, although the mantle of the poor, resembling the Roman tunica of old is quite shabby, is generally on hand. The poor women do not wear gloves to keep their hands warm; they carry small stone crocks filled with heated coal.

It is in heating their dwelling that the Italians find most of their trouble. Coal is very, very scarce, and wood is too expensive for common folk. This is due to the fact that nearly all the forests were cut down and were never replanted. The fire places are not in very good condition, and even if they were, without anything to burn in them, they could do little good. It is not very pleasant in the cold rooms, especially for those who are merely traveling, and not accustomed to such things), although the stone floors are covered with heavy carpets.

It does not look nice upon entering a coffee house, or tavern, to see the people reading, or perhaps even dining with their coats and hats on. But this is the case in all the more common refreshment establishments. Only the fashionable hotels are well heated.

When you enter a tavern, intending to stay for the night, you are generally asked if you wish a warm bed or not. An arrangement known as the *prete* is used to heat the beds. As this same word also means priest, misunderstandings frequently occur. The following once took place in a small city in Italy:

One evening a priest entered a hotel, and was told that he might occupy room No. 2. He had been in his room only a short time, when a waiter came in and kindly asked him to follow into room No. 3. "You are to occupy this room instead," he said. The priest willingly followed, thinking it had been a mistake. But how amazed he was to see the waiter enter again after a short time! "I am very sorry," said the polite waiter, "but I have been ordered to conduct you to No. 5." This aroused the anger of the priest, but he said nothing, and decided to seek rest immediately, so that he would not again be ordered to go to another room.

But after another fifteen minutes there was a gentle knock at his door, and he recognized the waiter's voice. "I am sorry if I disturb you, but I have been ordered to conduct the priest to No. 7."

This was enough for the priest. He called the proprietors. What took place you can imagine. The waiter had just entered upon his service a short time before, and did not know that *prete* meant not priest in this case, but the arrangement for heating the various beds in the establishment.

How do the Italians like ice and snow? One class of people hail the snow with great joy. This class is the poor class. The streets become filled with dirty water from the melting snow, and, since the upper class will not long endure such a state of affairs, thousands of poor men and women are kept busy at a low price, cleaning the streets.

It has been said that if the snow lasted as long as it does here it would probably be enjoyed more, for sleigh riding would then become known.

The ice on the other hand is enjoyed more by the upper class. The ice stays for a few weeks, but is not frozen to a very great depth, for the sun is mighty, even in winter.

The foreigners, especially Germans, have introduced the art of skating, and it is greatly enjoyed, even the ladies are slowly learning to appreciate it.

—M. H. B., '02.

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